

The Latter Rain Kvangel

The days of Heaven on Earth

The New Year

I AM the New Year, and I come to you pure and unstained,
 Fresh from the hand of God.
 Each day, a precious pearl, to you is given
 That you must string upon the silver thread of Life.
 Once strung can never be unthreaded but stays
 An undying record of your faith and skill.
 Each golden minute link you then must weld into the
 chain of hours
 That is no stronger than its weakest link.
 Into your hands is given all the wealth and power
 To make your life just what you will.
 I give to you, free and unstinted, twelve glorious months
 Of soothing rain and sunshine golden;
 The days for work and rest, the nights for peaceful slumber.
 All that I have I give with love unspoken.
 All that I ask—you keep the faith unbroken!

J. D. Templeton.

Ask Ye of the LORD Rain in the Time of the Latter Rain

When a Missionary Faced Death - - - - See Page 3

The Latter Rain Evangel

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Will He Come this Year?

STANDING at the portal of 1932, every lover of the Lord is asking in his heart, "Will He come this year?" Lengthening shadows are casting their sinister shapes upon this world as the night draws on, for true to nature, before the morning dawns earth's millions will be wrapped in midnight gloom.

It is said that in 1932 there will be twelve million unemployed in the United States alone, not to speak of the vast millions that are idle in other parts of the world. This old earth has passed through many and grave crises but never any of such magnitude as we are now facing.

* * *

For over thirty years the warning has gone out from pulpit and the printed page, "Jesus is coming soon! Get ready!" Then, on the crest of prosperity, we became "increased with goods," and Laodicean-like we said in our hearts, "My Lord delayeth His coming," and settled down to enjoy life. But now in the face of present unparalleled conditions in the commercial and industrial world, men are looking into each other's faces and asking, "Is this the beginning of the end?" That we are on the eve of great upheavals in this "bankrupt world," is a growing conviction of many, and hearts weary with the struggle are crying out, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus!"

The predominating cry in the many letters that come into the office of *The Latter Rain Evangel* is, "Send me some literature to get my relatives ready;" "I want to stir up my friends and neighbors to realize the days in which we are living;" "Send me some tracts on the times by return mail.

The time is short. Jesus is coming soon. We must stir folks up."

The following from one of our Florida readers is typical of a number of letters received:

"Only a year more we hope to need *The Evangel*. Inspire us all you can to look for Him and to be ready when He gives the trumpet call."

* * *

By the grace of God and with the prayers of our readers it will be the purpose of this paper during the year that is before us, to hearten the Christian on the pilgrim way, stir up the lukewarm and indifferent and warn the sinner of coming judgments. We are expecting to make every issue alive with matters of deepest interest, keeping our readers posted on events that point to the soon return of our blessed Lord, and kindred subjects. We are promised some good articles along this line from Brother Beskin, whose published sermons during the past year have been of untold blessing to thousands. We will also have other articles of prophetic interest from time to time, and keep our readers posted on God's movements over the world, as well as of His working in the great harvest fields of earth.

Reader, help us to send out the warning cry! By your renewal or your subscription (if you are a new reader) you will help to prepare others for the coming of Jesus. Each subscription is an integral part in spreading the Gospel through this medium. In these stringent days we trust our readers will feel they need the paper as much as we need their help. Many write that though times

(Continued on page 22)

Carrying the Gospel Torch into Liberia's Interior

When a Missionary Faced Death

Henry B. Garlock in the Stone Church, Dec. 6, 1931



JESUS said, "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and unto the uttermost part of the earth," "And lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the age." If

I were to choose a text this morning it would be from Matthew 5:14, "Ye are the light of the world."

Jesus said that He Himself was the world's Light; the greatest Light this world has ever seen or ever will see is the Lord Jesus Christ of glory. Jesus came and went to Calvary's cross that we might be redeemed from sin and the penalty thereof; then after promising the mighty endowment of power and commissioning His disciples, He returned to glory and sent the Holy Ghost. He didn't send the disciples out in their own strength but in the power of the Holy Ghost. In olden times God came down and dwelt among men in the tabernacle and then Jesus came down from glory—Emmanuel—God with them.

And then came the Third Person of the Trinity—God in man. Jesus handed down the torch saying, "As I am, so are ye in the world." Jesus, the great Light had come and then He turned to His disciples and said, "Ye are the light of the world." "I have chosen you and ordained you and you will be filled with the Holy Ghost and fire—you will receive dynamite, and then you shall go out as lights. You are to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." And they went everywhere telling the glad story of Jesus and His love; and God's blessing was upon them.

Paul, the greatest missionary since Christ, was a torch bearer, one of God's great lights, for he went out and published this Gospel, in the face

of privations and great hardships; but at the close of his Christian race he was able to say, "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith," as he laid down his life—a martyr for Christ. Back in Ancient Greece they had an annual festival to which people gathered from all parts of the then known world, to participate in chariot races and other sports. Among the various games was one that was known as the relay race of torch bearers. Men were lined up and each one was given a lighted torch; farther on was another line of men in which was a companion for every man in the first line, and still farther on was another line of men. At the word, "Go" the first line of men started with torch in hand and when they reached the place

of utter exhaustion they handed the torch on to the men in the second line and on they travelled, handing the torch from one to the other. The man who came in first with his torch burning was the grand winner. Down through the ages torch bearers have been running with the Gospel light, Thank God for these torch bearers, the heroes of the Christian faith of all ages.

"How did you come into touch with the Pentecostal work?" was asked the author of this splendid missionary address. "It was thru **THE LATTER RAIN EVANGEL,**" he replied. "My father took the paper and our entire family were saved thru reading it." What an investment that subscription was for Eternity! A testimony such as this fully compensates for all the strenuous years of toil in sending forth the printed page. And who can measure its influence when the salvation of that family meant a call to Africa of one of its sons? From that dark land thousands of redeemed will rise up and say, "I was saved because Henry Garlock lifted up the Gospel torch in my country."

whom God has blessed. Many have laid down their lives for the sake of Jesus; it is estimated that no less than twenty-five million have been martyred for Christ since the Day of Pentecost. I believe God has raised us up as a Pentecostal Movement in these days to be torch bearers for Christ, and God is looking to us to carry on and bear the torch to others.

We thank God for men like David Livingstone and others who have been trail blazers, who have gone as torch bearers to the dark corners. And today we have a host of torch-bearers and I dare say, without fear of contradiction, that I believe that Pentecostal missionaries are the pioneer missionaries of the world. They have not only given up the bless-

ings of home but they have sacrificed the comforts of staying in civilized centers; they have gone the second mile, into the far interior to evangelize those who have never heard the story before.

I thank God that He has deigned to call me as a torch bearer and we have had the privilege of working in Liberia which is known as the white man's grave. There are twenty-two graves in Liberia marking the resting place of Pentecostal missionaries who were faithful unto the end, and they will surely receive the crown of life which fadeth not away.

My sister and myself sailed for Liberia, West Africa, in the Fall of 1920; a little later my sweetheart came out and we were married in Africa. Soon after arriving we attended a convention in the Interior and I shall never forget my first impressions. Representatives from several surrounding tribes were present; they had come to plead for missionaries. Seeing we were new workers they came to us and pleaded for us to go with them. The chief said, "Once upon a time a missionary came through our village and left a few words of Jesus with us and we would like to hear more. Won't you come to our tribe and tell us the story again?" But another chief came and said, "Don't listen to him. We have never even *heard* the Gospel in our tribe and I have come to plead for someone to come and tell us about Jesus for the first time." We wished we had a thousand lives that we might go to all of these places at once. We finally went to Gropaka where we re-opened a station which had been abandoned because of the death of the workers. I shall never forget my first visit there. I saw two little mounds and when I asked the native worker what they were he said, "These are the graves of the last two missionaries who were here." There was no special thrill to that. Then I went into the house which was all grown over with grass and brush. I saw that the white ants had eaten the heart out of the wood and the steps had fallen through; I went into one of the rooms and the floor fell through as I stepped on it but finally I found a room which seemed to be in good condition. Here I put my cot but to my consternation I found it was already occupied for it seemed to be a rendezvous for rats, mice and snakes. The snakes were hissing and not long after a leopard caught a little boy in the yard. I tell you, all the romance and adventure of missionary life soon vanished; I was face to face

with stern realities. But I remembered that I had asked the Lord to send me to a hard field and I knew God had answered prayer.

People have asked me, "How do people get saved in Africa?" "How do they receive the Baptism of the Holy Ghost?" They get saved and they receive the baptism over there just like they do here, only they put us to shame many times because of their faith. I remember one boy who was seriously cut on his hand. He got down on his knees and said, "Lord, Your book says that nothing shall hurt me. Now heal me in Jesus' Name."

God gave a revival while we were in Gropaka and I want to relate one remarkable healing to show how God works in foreign lands. In the village was the home of the chief who had a large juju on bamboo poles. The devil doctor took care of the god which was considered to be one of the outstanding gods in that part of the country. This god was prominently placed on one side of the valley while we were on the opposite hill and I had often said, "Why don't you destroy this god? It is very inconsistent to have a heathen god on one side of the valley and a mission station on the other." But they were all idolators and said, "Well, we believe our gods have power and we have never seen any manifestation of power from your God. We would like to see your God show His power." It was a rebuke to me. One day I was preaching on Elijah on Mount Carmel and when I had finished I asked for a decision and said, "Why don't you do away with your gods and serve the living God?" They said, "Well you said the God of Elijah answered by fire. We haven't seen any fire yet. And then you told us how your Jesus healed the blind man. We haven't seen any blind people healed and we have a lot of them in this town. When we see this we will believe." I confess I felt sort of whipped but I didn't begin to spiritualize things and say, "Well, the healing of the soul is of the greatest importance." We began to pray and called the native Christians to pray and seek His face and God came down and met with us in a wonderful way. We reminded the Lord of His promises and said, "You told us to go and we have gone, and You said the signs would follow."

One afternoon we heard the natives wail as they always do when anyone dies. To their heathenish minds no one ever dies from a natural cause and someone is always held as a witch.

Sometimes they will wail for days and days; you can hear them as they beat their tom toms. If you have ever heard it you will never forget it. I often wake up in the night even now and hear that hopeless wail of the heathen. We learned that one of the hammock carrier's wives had died. We knew she had been ill a long time. He was not a Christian but had worked for the missionaries some. Among other things that had been the trouble with this woman, was leprosy and the odor from her body could be detected a long way off. As we were in the village we stopped in to tell this man we were sorry that his wife had died and as we looked at the woman I could see that her body was still moving. I said, "You are not going to bury her yet, are you? She is not dead." As I stood there it seemed the Spirit of God spoke clearly to me and said, "Here is your opportunity. You pray for this woman and I will raise her up." I thought, "Oh my, If the Lord would only ask us to pray for someone who has a minor illness" but God rebuked me and said, "Who does the healing?" I called the village chieftains and the husband of the wife and said to them, "Are you people satisfied that no power on earth can heal this woman?" They answered, "We have tried everything and no one can heal this woman." I went on, "We will pray for her and ask our God to heal her and if He does, will you give our God the glory? Will this be enough of the power and manifestation of our God?" Although I confess I didn't have much faith, my wife and I went over and I remember praying something like, "Oh God, You have heard the heathen rage. Your cause is at stake and we rebuke death and disease and the devil." God came down and that body began to shake under His mighty power and it wasn't long until she sat up. In the evening I was called to visit another mission station and it was days before I got back and then I was smitten down with fever. When I was able I went back into the village to visit the people. I met the man and said, "Where is your wife?" He said, "She has gone to the bush." "But" I said, "You are a heathen man and have many wives. I mean the wife you thought was dead." And he answered, "Yes, I mean that one too. She is well and is back in the bush working."

Before I left I saw her coming with a great load of bush on her neck. I was so delighted I began to beat the drum and people came running together asking, "What has gone wrong?" I said, "It is God's palaver." And as they gath-

ered around I asked, "Who raised this woman up? Who healed this woman?" All together with one voice they answered, "God, the white man's God! He has done it!" So I said, "Let us have a praise meeting, and thank God for it." And right there we praised God. I said to the chief, "God has given you a manifestation of His power. It is time for you to burn up your jujus." I believe it was the very next day that the king and the chief came to the mission to see us. They said, "We have some little palaver." I said, "What is it?" "Well," they said, "we have decided we do not need our jujus anymore. We have had them for many years and thought we couldn't get along without them, but your God has manifested His power. But we are afraid of the devil doctor and are afraid to destroy our juju. But you are not afraid of it, are you? We want you to come and destroy it." Some of the older women came and said, "Oh don't destroy the juju, or we will all die." But that old heathen chief said, "If our god is stronger than the white man's God let him fight for himself." But their god went up in smoke. At one side were two earthen jars—bee hives they were, and our mission boys went over and began to eat the honey. Some of our people said, "Oh don't eat that honey for it is the devil's honey," but our boys said, "We have asked God to sanctify it." Surely God had given us a great victory.

Now I do not want to give the impression that the whole town was converted, but the story of this victory was spread far and near and the king himself, while he never got much in the way of spiritual things, was overheard saying to the chief of another tribe when he came to inquire about their gods, "Why don't you destroy your jujus at the entrance to your village?" The other chief said, "Why this god keeps the fires out, he keeps the war away and all sorts of evils." To which our chief replied, "We used to think so too but since the missionaries came to our tribe and preached Jesus to us and we have seen the power of their God manifested we have destroyed our god and we have never been more blessed in our lives." I thought that was a wonderful testimony for one chief to give to another.

Later on we went to work in another tribe known as the Pahn tribe way back in the interior. It was known that this tribe practised cannibalism and other tribes were afraid of them so it was very dangerous for us to go, but another missionary and myself visited the place. Our lives were endangered on several occasions

but God took us through safely and finally we went there to reside. It was a real pioneer work among people who have never seen a white face and never heard the name of Jesus. They were a people dressed in sunshine and palm oil and knew nothing of the Gospel of love. They had no written language and we had to get their name for an object here and an object there and little by little God helped us to get into their hearts but it took much time and patience. We were a hundred miles from the nearest mission station and while there we endured many hardships but we were glad to do it all to get the Gospel to the people who had never heard. Today there is a strong mission station there and God is blessing in that place.

I will never forget my first attempt to preach in their language. I got together the story of the Good Samaritan and of course preaching to Africans is not standing behind a desk and giving them the firstly and secondly, but you have to explain everything as you would to children. They look you over and never having seen a white face you can imagine we were sort of a curio. I remember at the time of this my first sermon, how simply I talked, as simply as I knew how. After I had talked for about an hour and explained the story just as thoroughly as I could, I asked if there were any questions, and an old chief said, "Yes, we would like to know who made those shoes you are wearing. Did the white man make them or did God make them?" After that I was more careful to tell them more about ourselves. They wanted to know why our skin was white when theirs was black, and they asked, "Why do you wear clothing?" We would have to explain everything before we preached to them. I have seen the women with a load of rice on their backs and when they saw me coming down the trail they would scream and run for they thought they had seen either God or the devil. Many times it was very hard to get a congregation for they were so afraid of us.

On different occasions our lives were endangered. One time I went out to rescue a little girl who was a slave. I had told the mother it was almost impossible but she pleaded and I promised I would do my best so I went over to the other side of the tribe and succeeded in rescuing this little one. While on this trip I was stricken with African fever and I can well remember how I burned up with it and finally fell by the wayside in the African jungle. While there I thought my hour had come but let me

tell you what happened. God woke up my father at home and he saw me fall in the jungle; he got out of bed and for an hour he travailed in prayer. God in heaven answered and raised me up, and I went on my way to accomplish my task. After some palavering I said I would take the little girl and they could follow me and I would treat them royally. Then I said I would redeem the girl. So we started off and we stopped at a village for the night where the chief gave us the best hut for he felt highly honored to have a white man. I was just about to retire when all at once, in the direction from whence I had come, a band of men came screaming and yelling. They said, "Where is the white man? We have come to kill the white man!" and there they were with their long spears making right for the center of the town where they told all their difficulties. There was a stone where the men whetted their instruments. The native worker with me said, "Oh teacher, what shall we do now?" and all I could say was, "We can pray." We got down and prayed and God answered prayer. I felt while engaged in prayer that I shouldn't run away because if they see you are afraid they will kill you all the more quickly. I went out in the center of the ring and I said, "Now you people have rewarded me evil for good. I came to you peaceably and tried to reason with you and now you follow me in the night and make your threats, but if your god is stronger than my God, here I am, you come and take me." Some of the young men stepped forward. I thought I had missed the mind of God but I closed my eyes and pleaded the name of Jesus, telling God that if He was willing for me to suffer a martyr's death I was willing and ready. I repeated the name of Jesus, still keeping my eyes closed and then I thought, "My, they are a long time." I ventured to open my eyes and I found they had seemingly been paralyzed by God for there they stood, arms outstretched, ready to thrust in the spears, but they were motionless. The same God who had closed the lion's mouths in Daniel's time, had held these savages at bay. God is still on the throne. They went back and had a consultation among themselves and then came to me and taking hold of my feet, they said, "We beg you to forgive us and we are ready now to listen to reason. We see your God is with you; the white man's God fights for him." I believe God opened their eyes and let them see the hosts of heaven on our side. They saw something and were conscious of the fact that the God of the white man had power and was a living God. I

succeeded in redeeming the little girl, they gave me trinkets and the next morning we went on our way and the little girl saw her mother just before the mother died for she passed away the following day. The girl became a Christian and later on when one of our missionaries was returning home, she met the girl at the Coast and learned that her father had become a native preacher. He had been converted and she was reunited to him after many years. These are just a few of the ways that God blesses in Africa.

What a privilege it has been to give the Gospel for the first time! The happiest moments of my life have been when I was surrounded by a group of savages who had never before heard the old, old story. They would say, "Oh tell us again! These words sound so sweet. Did your father know about this? Just think, our fathers never heard it and today is the first day we ever heard. Ask your people to come and tell us about Jesus." They cannot understand why we have any heathen at home; indeed, it is hard for them to believe that anyone would reject the love of God when He offers His love in place of eternal damnation. They are glad to know of a way out where they can escape the suffering, for the religions of the heathen are cruel religions. They suffer a great deal of torment and torture trying to inherit eternal life.

When we left the field for our furlough I carried my wife out more dead than alive, but God healed her one day on the Canary Islands. I, myself, had lost about fifty pounds in weight. The natives said they would give us six months and then we must return but it has been more than six years now. We have been a long time recuperating but God has enabled us to send many thousands of dollars over there. They say you can take a boy out of the country but you cannot take the country out of him. You can take me out of Africa but you cannot take Africa out of me. We had great plans for the work at home but a few months ago God began to deal with our hearts again and asked us if our consecration was just as deep as it was some years ago. We searched our hearts and weighed the question. God has given us two little children and for a time we felt we couldn't go to that deadly climate with them. But finally we said, "Yes, Lord, here we are. Anywhere with Thee is heaven." God's will is the sweetest place on earth. Then as we were praying about returning we received a letter from Brother Shirer asking us to pray about entering the section on the Gold Coast. The Pentecostal Movement has

been granted a large territory on the Gold Coast and we want to go in and possess our possessions. It is necessary for the field to be occupied at once because since this concession has been given us we find there are two groups in Europe who want to get in.

We praise God for the way He has worked for us. These are days of depression and it is hard for missionaries to get out but we prayed very definitely and it was not long till all our support was pledged and God has wonderfully confirmed every step that has been taken. Pray that God will raise up some men of experience to come out and assist us in opening this territory on the Gold Coast. And then pray too that God will fill us and permeate our beings and help us in getting the language so that we may evangelize this new field for Jesus ere He comes.

New Appeal in China

RECENT dispatches from China state that on Dec. 15th General Chiang Kai Shek resigned as President of that Republic and as Commander-in-Chief of the Army.

Missionaries and Christians the world over had strong hopes that since Chiang Kai Shek had espoused Christianity a better day was dawning for the cause of Christ in that great nation. Not only the President, but at least seven-tenths of his cabinet were professing Christians. Dr. Wang Chung Hui, the head of the Judicial Yuan, and the recognized authority on International Law, is the son of a preacher and the grandson of one of the earliest Christians in China. Dr. C. T. Wang, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, is the son of a Christian preacher, educated at Yale University and one of the founders of the Chinese Student Christian Association in America. Dr. H. H. Kung, the Minister of Industry, is a lineal descendant of the great Confucius, but became a Christian as a young man and risked his life during the Boxer uprising rather than deny his faith. Mr. T. V. Soong, the Minister of Finance, who has been regarded by many as the most brilliant member of the Nanking government, also resigned at the same time the President did, as well as others.

The President's resignation was preceded by riotous scenes of disorder in Nanking, the Northern capital. Thousands of students marched through the streets of Nanking denouncing the Government and demanding war on Japan. They wrecked buildings and demol-

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Cliff Dwellers

The Ministry of Angels

Sermon by Bert Edw. Williams in the Stone Church, Nov. 8, '31

(Continued)



GAIN taking up the study of the Ninety-first Psalm, we come to the third part of verse 4: "His truth shall be thy shield and buckler." Here we have *safe implements of warfare*. This expression has its setting in the implements of warfare used in the days in which David was writing. At that time warriors were equipped with two shields, together with other implements of warfare. One was a very large shield and the other was a small one called the buckler. The large shield would cover practically the whole body; while the buckler was scarcely broader than a man's chest. The shield was used in mass-warfare. As an army moved toward the enemy these great shields would be put in front of them, and the soldiers would stand behind, shoulder to shoulder, thus forming an almost irresistible wall of defense against the enemy.

THE SHIELD

Now the inspired writer says that the truth of God is our shield, and that at times it is proper and necessary for God's people to move *en masse*—every person must move at the same time that every other person moves. Only such action against the organized forces of the world, the flesh and the devil, the horrible trinity of darkness, will gain the victory. God grant that we may be able to see eye to eye, and march courageously along in perfect harmony and sweet fellowship. And may there be an agreement among God's people concerning all the fundamental teachings of the Word of God, and also concerning the policies and programs that are launched for the purpose of battling against the powers that oppose God's kingdom and His people.

One can readily see what would happen in such a military organization if one or two persons in the line should become timid or faint-hearted; or become a traitor and fall out of the ranks. That would leave an unguarded gap through which the enemy might rush and cause great damage. So it is in the army of the Lord—a few timid or misled people sometimes destroy the solidarity and power of the spiritual ranks. Thus the church of God is greatly hindered in her marches under the blood-stained

banner of redemption as she strives to break through the ranks of the enemy and plant the blood-stained banner of redemption upon the very summit of the forts of sin.

THE BUCKLER

Then there is the buckler. There are times when we have to stand and fight the enemy all alone—when there is no one upon whom we can lean, and no one to help us. Sometimes that battle rages in the home, sometimes in the office; sometimes in the shop and the factory, and sometimes on the street. Sometimes it is in secret that the battle rages the most severely. Oh the warfare of the human heart as Satan and his emissaries fling their poisonous darts at the Christian believer! But "thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" He has provided us with the buckler—a little shield that can be moved quickly to cover any part of the body at any time, and turn aside any arrow that the enemy may hurl at us. May God help us to become expert in using these two instruments of warfare. Every one in the church is called upon to stand beside his brother and march behind the great protecting shield that God has provided for us in our battle against the united forces of the enemy. We are also called upon to be courageous, bold and aggressive in the individual warfare against the enemy who may attack us this very day, even before we get out of this building.

Now what constitutes this shield and this buckler? The truth of God. We read here, "His truth shall be thy shield and buckler." We can fight to a successful finish and gain the victory over every enemy with this weapon alone—the truth of God. But the trouble is so many times we want to strike with a carnal weapon. We want to reach into our own, individual, fleshy nature and pull out some sort of a weapon that is cruel and severe, and not prompted by the Holy Spirit. How often we have said, "You wait until I see him, I'll give him a piece of my mind!" "I'll not stand for this. I have some rights and he'll find it out." Carnal weapons are these, and not the truth that God has given to be our shield and buckler.

JESUS USED THE BUCKLER

It makes not a particle of difference what may

be the nature of the attack of the enemy; the truth of God is an impenetrable shield through which we can resist every attack of the enemy however severe or subtle it may be. Notice Jesus! Here He is in the Desert of Ashes, so we are told, having been forty days without food. Satan comes to Him and says, "Now you are hungry and you must have food." He was testing the perfection of His humanity, trying to prove that the humanity of Jesus was not perfect. The Word of God teaches that He was perfect Man as well as Perfect God, but Satan was determined to prove that such was not the case; rather that Jesus regarded the need of His stomach to be more important than the will of God—that the call of the flesh was more to be listened to than the Word of the Lord. May we learn that the flesh and its call are not important at all in view of the pronouncements of the Word of God. But the enemy says, "If I can convince Him that this hungry stomach must be fed, then I can prove that His humanity is not wholly and entirely subject to the will of God"; so he makes his attacks on the humanity of Jesus. But notice what Jesus did. As Satan came up and hurled the sharp spear of temptation at Him, Jesus quietly reached for the implement of warfare which God had provided—His buckler: "Man shall not live by bread alone but by every word (*every* word, not a word here and there, but *every* word) that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." This buckler turned aside the thrust of Satan. It will do the same for us.

Seeing that he could not persuade Jesus to yield to the call of the flesh, and having demonstrated that Jesus was entirely dependent upon the Word of God, Satan took Him, not down to Jericho, but to the Holy City, where he tried to persuade Him to do something fantastical. Why did he not take Him to Jericho? The folks there were not religious, and would not appreciate an act of religious bravery. This was a test of the perfection of the deity of Jesus. Satan said, "I see You have confidence in God's power to keep Your body from harm; now throw Yourself down and He will protect You." Again Jesus quickly brings the buckler of truth in between: "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God," and Satan's spear is again blunted and forced aside.

Finally, Satan tempts Jesus in regard to the future. He knows He is to be ultimate Conqueror but he offers Him a short cut to glory. "If You will fall down and worship me You will not have to go by the way of the cross." "No,"

Jesus said, "I shall go by the way of the cross. I have in mind a man by the name of Bert Williams. He is a sinner and I will go the way of the cross to keep him out of hell." So he again seizes the buckler of truth and thrusts it between Himself and Satan, and it saves Him: "It is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve." Listen, beloved! I have never had a temptation in my life that I could not overcome immediately, or nearly so, by the use of this buckler—the Word of God. I do not say that I have always had the fortitude to do it, but I say I have never had a temptation that I could not have overcome by its use. Have you?

Have you ever had the experience when tempted of having the Holy Spirit bring to your remembrance passages of Scripture bearing on the temptation confronting you, sometimes bringing passages of Scripture that you scarcely knew? Oh the faithfulness of the Holy Spirit! "When He is come," said the Lord, "He will bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have told you," "His truth shall be thy shield and buckler." For this reason we ought to commit to memory just as many passages of the Word of God as we can, so that we will have this implement of warfare to use in the time of emergency.

I read some years ago a rather interesting episode concerning a man who lived near Chicago, who was an avowed infidel. He had passed through many revival meetings and a number of Christian workers and ministers had tried with human wisdom to persuade him to give up his infidelity and become a Christian, but to no avail. In every case his skillful arguments would prevail. Finally, however, he met a young man who was a graduate of the Moody Bible Institute who took him through the Word of God, resulting in his conversion. Later on the infidel met a minister who said to him, "I hear that you have finally accepted Christ as your Savior." "Yes," he said, "and I might have been saved through a little talk that I had with you years ago if you had known your Bible." His witty arguments could not penetrate the truth of God's Word.

SAFE COMPANY

In the fourth place, in verse 11 we are promised *safe company*, for we read, "He shall give *His angels charge over thee* to keep thee in all thy ways." Thank God for a people who believe in the ministry of angels in spite of much unbelief! Some day we will know why we did not

fall under that train, why we were not run down by that automobile; why, when our feet slipped, we didn't fall to destruction. Doubtless it was the ministering angels who took care of us. Samuel Rutherford, the English divine, when a little boy ran into the house one day dripping with water. His mother said, "Why, Samuel, where have you been?" "Why, mama," he said, "I fell into the well." "You fell into the well?" "Yes, mama, I did." "How did you get out of the well?" she asked. "Oh, mama," he replied, "a man in white came and lifted me out." Though Samuel Rutherford lived many years, to his very last day he claimed the veracity of this account.

If we had eyes to see we would have no doubt about this ministry of angels. Some will say, "That was quite a long time ago." Yes, but this incident I am about to relate happened in Brooklyn, N. Y., not long ago, so I am reliably informed. A minister whose name I have heard many times, had the misfortune to lose his wife; so he moved into a flat in the city of Brooklyn and lived with his mother. He had a little boy about five years of age who was one day playing in the street. Suddenly there was a cry which reached the ears of the grandmother, who ran to the window just in time to see the hind wheel of a great truck run over the boy. Hurrying down the stairs as fast as she could, she reached the sidewalk where three or four other persons were standing by the curb in great excitement. As she rushed up she expected to find the little fellow lying there, crushed to death, but to her amazement he stood before them perfectly unharmed. She seized him and pressed him to her heart, saying, "Oh darling, didn't the great truck run over you?" "Yes, grandma, the big wheel ran right over me." "Didn't it hurt you?" "No, grandma. A man in white lifted the wheel, and it went right over me."

The angels are not dead; they are still alive, and we will find "in that day" that there has been a ministry of angels in everyone of our lives—a sweet, precious ministry, and that they have done for us that which no person in this world could have done. Doubtless there is more to the ministry of angels in the world, even visibly, than we have any idea. But whether we see them or not we have the promise, "He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."

How often I think of the passage: "Because thou hast kept My word and not denied My

name, I will keep thee from the hour of temptation that shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth." It is most blessed to believe the Word of God. But what about results? They are not our business. Oh how God taught me this lesson one day when I was troubled about results? He said to me, "Will you believe?" "Yes, Lord. But what about conversions?" Again the question, "Will you believe?" "What about healings and baptisms, Lord?" "*Will you believe?*" And before the Lord got through talking to me about believing, I was not a bit larger than a lead-pencil. He made me see that it was my business to believe His Word and that the results belonged to Him. He tells us in the first chapter of James, "A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways. Let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord." "But," someone says, "I never saw any angels." That is not your concern. "He shall give His angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways." And His angels are faithfully keeping watch whether we see them or not.

In the early days of the circuit riders, one of those faith ministers who used to travel hundreds of miles on horseback, was going one dark, stormy night to a little church far out in the country. When he reached the place it was pitch dark and only two or three men were there. They said, "Why, Dominic, we were not looking for you tonight. How did you come?" He said, "I came right down the road there." They said, "You surely did not come down that road; the bridge is washed out." But the minister still insisted that he came that way, so the men, eager to see how he could have done it, started back, and they found there was just one beam still remaining across the brook. And getting down with their lanterns they saw the print of a horse's hoof. That horse had walked across on that beam in the darkness—something they could not get a horse to do, naturally, in the daylight. Let us pray God for an increased ministry of angels in our behalf.

I told you about my missionary friend in India, and how the Lord told him He would wrap him up in the 91st Psalm. One day as he was walking thru the wood, he heard the sound of rustling leaves. He looked back and there was a pack of wolves almost at his heels. He had no weapon, nothing with which to protect himself, but he looked up through the branches of the trees into the face of Jehovah and said, "Oh God! what about that Psalm?" Then he

(Continued on page 14)

When God Blew Back the Walls

A Modern Miracle in the South Seas

Cecil Jackson in the Stone Church, Oct. 29, 1931



TRUST that the experiences I am about to relate will be a blessing and an encouragement to you so that in the future you may be helped to serve God and do more for Him than you have ever done before. I want to tell of what God has done for us in Singapore, not for any selfish purposes but to glorify Him and I trust your faith may be strengthened.

When we first planned to go to the Island of Singapore we had missionaries in China who asked, "Why do you want to go there? You do not know anyone down there and there is plenty of work to do here." My reply always was, "It is my Father's will and I am going." Some would ask us pointedly, "Do you know anyone down there?" and I answered, "Yes, the same One who brought us here will be at the docks to meet us when we arrive in Singapore," and I am glad to say that as our boat pulled into the harbor of Singapore we felt the presence of the Son of God. True enough, we were strangers in a strange land, not knowing a single human being in that place. In fact there had never been a Pentecostal work there. We landed on the island with \$10.00 in our pockets but we knew we were in God's will and that meant far more to us than money.

After some difficulty we succeeded in finding a home; it wasn't a very spacious one and when it rained we had running water in every room. We encountered about fifty-eight varieties of insects and I took a course in biology for which I never received any degree, but I had a great deal of personal contact. However, we didn't mind these inconveniences as much as some other hindrances. The saddest part was when the church which had been supporting me lost the vision. There we were on that remote island, seventy-two miles north of the Equator and nine thousand miles from home with hardly any support. When I saw my wife going down in body I knew something had to be done and we decided to take a week off for prayer. We prayed seven days and seven nights, using all the available time possible crying out to God; I am so glad that during that crisis time we could look up and say, "Father, we know we are in Your divine

will. Here we are, not getting enough to eat and going down physically, but we will not retreat; we will remain on this island even though our bones bleach beneath the tropical sun, and if we starve to death, the responsibility is Yours."

After seven glorious days alone with God, we heard a knock at our door, and as I opened it, there stood a very fine, intelligent-looking man, a Scotchman. I invited him in and this man informed me that he was the Principal of the largest Institution on the Island, a school with an enrollment of twelve hundred students, and very modestly he told me that he was a graduate of the Edinburgh University. He told me something of his degrees and I began to think we never could get on common ground, but finally he said, "Do you know, Mr. Jackson, I believe in the old time religion," and as he said that I moved over closer to him and decided we would get along just fine. He told me he had been sent out from England to take over the work of the school but he was sorry to see conditions as they were. He said, "It is very pathetic that Mohammedans, Buddhists, Confucianists and ungodly men are trying to teach Christianity. But now it will be stopped. I have been looking for someone to go in there and take charge of the religious education and I believe you are the man to do it." I said, "Brother, who sent you here?" And that intelligent man—thank God he had not allowed education to come in and dim his vision—leaned over and looking me in the eye said, "Brother Jackson, God sent me." I tell you we believed God had sent him. He told me how much I would be paid for the work at the school and it was enough to pay our monthly rent and a little more besides. I am glad God is not confined to America. Even though we were on that remote island, seemingly cut off from all help, He did not let us be put to shame but undertook and supplied our every need.

I say to God's glory that during my ministry there He gave the school the only revival it had ever known in its history of fifty years. Over one hundred and fifty young men were transformed from heathen into Christians and turned out to be true followers of Christ. I wish that I could tell you something of the work in that school but I must tell of some of the work in the

villages and how God performed a real miracle. To me it is the greatest miracle of modern times as far as the foreign field is concerned. As I have already intimated to you, when it rains in Singapore it pours; we have nine feet of rain every year. We have what is known as the monsoon which is something like a typhoon only it comes off the land instead of the sea, and does a great deal of damage.

One evening as we were retiring, off in the distance we heard the thunder rolling and we saw the lightning flashing. There was a little stir in the room and then we heard those great drops of rain and we knew a monsoon was coming. In just a few moments it was upon us in all of its fury. How it rained! Naturally enough, our thoughts drifted to the village; we thought of our chapel there which had recently been built. It had cost our natives 1600 Singapore dollars and they had given every cent, not one penny coming from America. So we prayed, "Oh Father, keep that chapel tonight! Do not let this monsoon destroy it." We thought of our Christians for we knew many of them were living in huts and it would not be long till the entire village would be flooded, which would mean much sickness and distress on every hand, and most pathetic of all, we knew that some souls would even pass into eternity without Christ. We prayed very earnestly that our God would undertake. The next morning the storm was over and we got into our little car and hurried out to the village. How anxious we were to get a glimpse around the last bend of the road for that would tell the story, whether or not our chapel had been damaged. As we looked around the bend we were happy to see that little white building still standing upright. We got out of the car and were surprised to see one wall hanging out three or four feet. We hurried inside and saw that it was the left wall which was hanging out. Our native teacher came over also and said, "Oh do you see the damage that the storm did last night?" We said, "Yes," and then she asked, "What do you expect to do about it?"

Just at this point I would like to pause to tell you how I had failed God. You may think that missionaries are almost superhuman and are living on a higher spiritual level than anyone else and have more faith than other people, and I wish that could be said of every missionary, but personally I am just like anyone else in this congregation. I have to learn to trust God just like

you do, and I have made many mistakes and I want to tell you of one of them.

After we had gotten our church built and the natives had given so nobly towards the fund, we got together and decided that we had better not take up any offerings for a while and refrain from saying anything about tithing, for we were afraid they might think we were there for mercenary purposes. Already they had plenty of reason to think that and so I insisted upon taking this stand. When I did, God dealt with me in such a way that for days and weeks I walked the streets, went about my work in the school and in the village, always with a heavy burden. God was saying to me, "You have failed Me. You have not only robbed yourself, not only robbed Me but you have also robbed your native church of one of the greatest blessings that I have in store for them, *the blessing of giving.*" I said, "Father, forgive me. If You will just give me an opportunity to make this right I will do my best." So as I was standing in the chapel talking to the native teacher and she asked me that question, I turned to her and said, "Miss Jung, I will ask the native Christians to pay for it." She said, "Oh they do not have it!" "Well", I said, "I do not have it either." She argued with me and I quoted her the Scripture on giving but she said, "Yes, I can quote Scripture too, but the people simply do not have the money." But I said, "Whether they have it or not, I will get this burden off my heart and I will ask them to pay for this damage." Then using a rather strong expression she said, "Well, go to it."

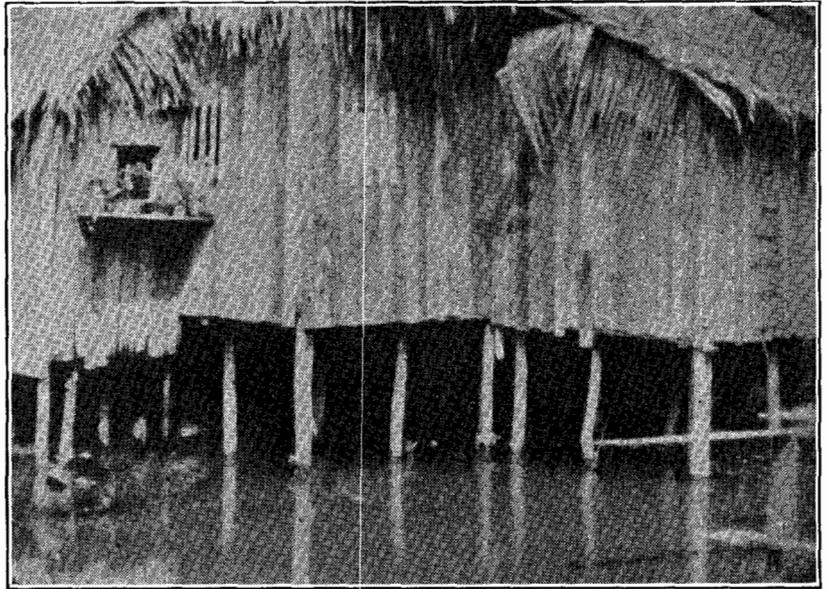
I went out and got a heathen contractor to make an estimate of what the repairs would cost and he said it would amount to "several tens of dollars." Now when the Chinese say "several tens" it may mean two tens or it may mean ten tens, so I pinned him down and told him I wanted a definite figure. Finally he said it would come to six, seven or ten tens; that there was a great deal of work attached to putting those walls back in proper place. I went out to the village and got as many of our Christians as I could, gathered them in the church and showed them the damage. After a short time the village chief came up to me and said, "What do you expect to do about it?" to which I replied, "I shall ask your people to pay for it." His eyes opened up wide and the others listened and then they grouped around and talked it over. Finally two or three of the Christians came to me with

their eyes red with tears and they said, "Mr. Jackson, I don't see how we can possibly do it. We have given all we had but tonight we will hide away and ask our heavenly Father to undertake." Oh friends, the hardest task I ever did as a missionary, was to cast that financial burden upon those Christians! I knew most of them to be poverty-stricken and really destitute but I felt I must obey God. On our way home we stopped in to see a wealthy merchant. After talking over commonplace matters for a while he incidentally mentioned the storm of the previous night so I told him the whole story. He leaned over and said, "Do you mean to say that you will ask those poor people to pay for the repair work?" I said, "Certainly." I saw his eyes get red. You know how it is when a man wants to cry and tries to hold it back; his eyes got very red and all the while I was praying, "Oh God, make him cry." I thought if I could get him to weep it would help matters. Finally he leaned over again and said, "Mr. Jackson, whatever they lack I will give." We went home rejoicing for we had begun to see the sun through the clouds.

Late that night, off in the distance, we heard the thunder roaring and rolling again. We looked out and saw the lightning flashing and oh how it rained! We began to pray and prayed hard for an hour; then we worried for an hour, and then we prayed some more and worried some more and all we could see was that chapel in a heap of worthless ruins, in the swamp. I never worried so much and prayed so little in my life. The next morning we got into the little car again and hurried out to the village and how anxious we again were, to get the first glimpse around the bend of the road that hid the chapel from our view. Again we stretched our necks, trying to see if God had answered prayer and when we got around the last corner and saw the chapel standing we felt we had a wonderful victory. You know how it is—seeing is believing. We had prayed and worried and now we were absolutely surprised that God had answered prayer. I am not proud of this but very much

ashamed to make this confession but I am telling you just how I felt.

As we got out of the car we saw that heathen contractor standing near the church; I looked at him and said, "You got up early, didn't you?" He just laughed. The more I tried to talk to him the more he laughed, and finally I asked, "What are you laughing about?" Now listen friends, this man was a heathen; he had worshipped his ancestors all of his life; he had bowed before heathen altars since childhood and yet, do you know what he said to me? "Sing Sam, truly your God is a living God!" A wonderful testimony from heathen lips! He said further, "I haven't touched the building but last night your God sent that storm from the opposite direction and blew the walls back into their proper places." I can assure you there was



Where the Jacksons Carried the Gospel—a typical village

a shout in the camp. I believe with all my heart that my Heavenly Father was looking down on that South Sea Island village, looking down upon that group of poor, poverty-stricken people, poor as far as this world's goods is concerned but rich, thank God, in heavenly things, and I believe He heard their prayers and out of His great heart of compassion and love He said, "The burden is too great"; He called the wind and set the thunder rolling, and said to that storm, "Go and straighten the walls of that church."

I talked to the contractor and said, "Now how much will it cost?" "Oh" he said, "It is easy now. I can repair it for fifteen dollars." That was a big difference. He said, "I will nail the

walls and use some strong bracers against them so that when the next storm comes you will not need to worry." Wednesday night came when we were to take up the offering to pay for the repairs of the church and when I told the Christians what God had done they could not stop their rejoicing. As I rose to take charge of the preliminary service I saw they were laughing and talking and whispering, and I felt a little embarrassed. I leaned over trying to hear what they were saying and finally I heard someone asking another, "What will we use to take up the offering?" Over to my left was an old farmer sitting with a big straw hat on; I looked at him and he looked at me, and then as he was standing before me he pulled off his hat and said, "Use this." With that the farmer went down the aisle and while that offering was being taken, those Christians laughed and praised God and shouted. It is the only meeting I have ever attended in my life where such a thing has happened. Do you know why they laughed and why they shouted? This is the reason—the white man gives and looks forward, but the Chinese gives and looks backward. What is the difference? We count the cost. The Chinese looks back to the time when he was deep in sin, having no hope and without God; he remembers the time when he was lifted from sin into the heights of His glorious love and he says, "God, who has done so much for me is asking me to help Him," and he counts it a privilege that God would count on him to be of help to Himself. And so that night the offering was given with many shouts and hallelujahs. When I emptied the hat I never counted more pennies than I did that time; there were over five hundred. Someone asked me one time as I told this story, "Is \$5.00 all they gave?" Let me tell you that every cent of that was blood money. One of our Christians had lost his daughter just a few days before and he had loved her dearly. He had been out of work for months but he went to a little corner in his hut and from under some leaves he pulled out a red piece of paper and in that piece of paper was wrapped his entire life's savings—one hundred coppers. And that night every copper went into the collection hat. His sorrow had not turned him away from the Lord. He just said, "Father, You know best after all. You have taken my daughter but I will give the last cent I have." Praise God for such sacrifice!

The next day I went again to the wealthy merchant and as I entered the store, he called

out, "How much do you want?" And I said, "Ten dollars." He said, "Now talk the true language. You asked for \$60.00 or \$70.00 and now you ask for \$10.00. You cannot convince me that those poor people gave you \$60.00." I said, "I shall not try to convince you but all we need is \$10.00," and I told him of all that had happened and how the Christians gave. When I finished I saw that his eyes were getting red again. He was touched, and I began to pray, "Father, make him cry!" I wanted that big man to cry but he was holding back. He reached over and picking up his Chinese brush wrote out a check for \$10.00. From that day on I noticed a change in that man's life.

(Continued from page 7)

ished furniture and the police were powerless to quell the mob. It is said that the new Revolutionary Party has invited General Feng Yu Hsien, "the Christian General," to confer with them regarding their future movements.

Those who have long prayed for China will be no little concerned about the attitude of the new President, Lin Sen, toward missions and Christianity. There are about 650,000 Christians among the four hundred million; a very small percentage indeed, but enough to move the Arm of God in behalf of that war-torn, famine-stricken, flood-devastated nation. The Christians themselves have said, those in positions of power, that China's only hope is the Gospel of Jesus Christ. God alone can bring order out of China's awful chaos.

(Continued from page 10)

heard a great scurrying, and as soon as his courage permitted he turned around and saw the wolves all running in the opposite direction. He told me further that one day when he awoke in the morning there was a venomous reptile wriggling its way down through the thatched roof of the cottage, just above his head. "I closed my eyes," he said, (You know you can see further with your eyes closed than with them open, if your heart is in the right place) "and prayed, 'Father, what about that Psalm?' I just pleaded God's promises, and when I opened my eyes I saw the reptile disappearing through the ceiling." "He shall give His angels charge over thee in all thy ways." Praise the Lord!

TRACTS BY N. C. BESKIN

The Mark of the Beast.
The Return of the Jews.
What About 1934?
When Antichrist Reigns.

25c per dozen, \$1.60 per hundred

Our Heavenly Home

A Comparison of Earthly Structure with Eternal Mansions

Sermon by J. N. Hoover, Santa Cruz, California



IN my Father's house are many mansions, if it were not so I would have told you, I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go and prepare a place for you I will come again and receive you unto myself that where I am there ye may be also." These are the words of the Lord Jesus, spoken to His disciples just before He went to heaven by the way of the Cross. He is assuring them of a home with Him in heaven, Blessed thought! Happy home!

The dearest and most sacred place to man in all the world is home. Whether in the frosty regions of the North or in the sunny land of the South, man loves his home and will bravely face the most difficult problems and protect his home and loved ones at any cost. We live in a country where the government is of the people and if it is good it must be made good by the people, but this can be done only as each one recognizes the rights of his neighbor. You have the right to do as you please, providing you do not infringe upon the rights of your neighbor. No man has ever reached the burnished peak of true manliness who did not demonstrate a spirit of brotherliness. America is a great country; a God-given country. Out of her isolation she reveals her strength which excels that of any nation. From her incomparable resources she has demonstrated her militant greatness. Moved by the spirit of justice she has severed the bands of slavery. Rising from the depths of weakness, she moves in front with the powers of the world, contending for the holy principles of civil and religious liberty, and leads in the conquest for international peace.

But while I speak in joyful praise of this, my country, the homeland of my fathers, I am reminded of other countries in which are many happy homes; but, the country of all countries, the country upon which I am to speak today, is

HEAVEN

What unspeakable joy and peace fill our heart when we think of heaven, the home of the soul. Heaven, God's eternal kingdom. The perfection of holiness! The glories of a happy day in which there is no night; "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." "Where they hunger no more, neither thirst any more,"

and where "God wipes all tears away."

A distinguished preacher and teacher in a well known Theological Seminary, speaking of heaven said, "Most theologians and preachers declare very positively that there is a place called heaven, where the saved will forever be happy in the presence of the Lord. There may be such a place, but nobody can prove it. There is no adequate grounds for their confident assertions. When they tell us that there is a heaven and all about its conditions of life, as if they had been there and had brought back plans drawn to scale and complete specifications, they are just pushing wind, they know no more about it than you or I know, and that is just nothing at all." What blasphemy! What an untruthful statement! This is higher criticism, or commonly known as Modern Theology. If the statement had come from an outstanding infidel, we would think nothing of it, but coming from a professed Christian, a teacher and preacher, it is extremely out of place. When a man can no longer accept the Bible as the final word of authority he should not hang around and live off folks who do.

Jesus, the Son of God, in whose honor and praise we are here assembled, said, "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am there ye may be also." We know where He is, what He is doing and that we some day shall be with Him. Blessed thought! glorious future, happy home!

When I mention the doctrine of the resurrection and the life beyond, I know as in olden times some one will ask the question, "If a man die shall he live again?" Job answers the question, saying, "Though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself and my eyes shall behold and not another." "If a man die, shall he live again?" Daniel answers the question: "Many that are in the dust shall hear his voice and shall come forth." "If a man die shall he live again?" Isaiah answers the question: "The dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they rise." "If a man die, shall he live again?" Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the friend of sinners, answers the question: "The hour is

coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation." It was Jesus who said to the sorrowing sisters of Lazarus, "I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Then rest in hope O weary soul for we know if our earthly house should be destroyed we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

MY FATHER'S HOUSE

Heaven to me, means more than a house. A house has its walls, but heaven is boundless. The personality of God fills all eternal space, and that is heaven to me. Jesus Christ tells us, in God's eternal house or kingdom, are many mansions. I have seen many of the largest and most expensive buildings in many parts of the world, but none of them can compare with the cost of Solomon's Temple. Regarding this Temple, I noticed some days ago in a leading Masonic paper, the following interesting statement:

"The cost of the most magnificent of modern buildings is a trifle compared to that of Solomon's Temple, which, according to estimates given in the bulletin of the Illinois Society of Architects, reached the tremendous total of more than \$87,000,000,000, according to present-day values. Ten thousand men hewing cedars; sixty thousand bearers of burdens; eighty thousand hewers of stone, thirty-eight hundred overseers, all of whom were employed for seven years, and upon whom, besides their wages, Solomon bestowed \$33,669,885."

You will not find a building in all the world to compare with the house Solomon built unto the Lord. And yet though finely and gorgeously adorned, it has crumbled to dust and is no more, but the house which the Lord Jesus is preparing for us will never crumble nor decay, for it is in the land of eternal perfection. It is located where enemies cannot come and where destruction is unknown. As I have journeyed from Coast to Coast throughout the United States and Canada, I have seen many of the most beautiful mansions, the homes of those who have accumulated wealth, but upon investigation I found that almost all who built these mansions and lived in luxury are dead and buried. They died and left them all for relatives to fuss over and lawyers to grab. But it will not be so in heaven;

the mansion which Jesus is preparing for us will never pass into the hand of another, neither will it become out of style or need repairing. There in that heavenly home, with Jesus, and His millions who have been saved by the blood of the Lamb, we shall live forever; there cries of bereavement are never heard for loved ones never die. Oh sing ye Christians and shout for joy for we too shall soon be at home with them in God's eternal home!

HEAVEN IS A CITY

You, who desire to live in a great city, will find heaven a delightful one. You ask, how do I know heaven is a city? Because, I read in the Bible, "Of that city, whose Builder and Maker is God." And again I read, "And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and showed me that great city, the Holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God. Having the glory of God; and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal, And I saw no temple therein; for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

I have read a great deal of Babylon the great city, the white city, the beautiful city. That city four-square with a great gate on either side and streets leading through from gate to gate. Magnificent in every sense of the word was the ancient city of Babylon, with her gardens four hundred feet above the busy streets, in which grew beautiful flowers and trees where birds built their nests and sang their happy songs. But Babylon with all her wealth, pomp and influence is gone and the place where her glory was elaborately displayed is a desolate heap of ruins. But the heavenly city shall not pass away, for that holy place is far above and beyond the reach of sorrow, misfortune and decay.

But some of us who have spent most of our lives in a large city do not like to think of heaven as a city. We are tired of the noise of the busy city; to me

HEAVEN IS A COUNTRY

You ask, how do I know heaven is a country? Because I read in the Bible, the redeemed of the Lord shall come from the North and from the South, from the East and from the West, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God, by the "pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the

Lamb." "And on either side of the river was there the tree of life, which bear twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month, and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations." I think the poet gave us a beautiful description of heaven when he wrote these words:

"A pure crystal river in pastures green,
 And fruits more delicious than mortals have seen
 Are found in great measure in that blessed land
 Where all are supplied by our Father's hand.
 No need of the sun where it never is night,
 The Lamb in His glory diffuses the light;
 The mansion is ready, the Spirit says come,
 Oh who would not dwell in that beautiful home!
 My soul would inhabit where angels have trod,
 And slake its long thirst in the river of God."

This heaven of which I am speaking must be the third heaven, the one of which Paul was speaking when he said, "I was caught up into the third heaven, into paradise, and heard unspeakable words which it is not lawful for man to utter." The Jews have always believed there were three heavens, the first heaven is where the birds fly and the storm clouds gather; the second heaven is where the handiwork of God is elaborately displayed, the sun, the moon, and the stars; and the third heaven is the throne of God, the new Jerusalem, the Holy City, the heavenly home. But whether there be three heavens, I know not; but of this I am sure, where God is, that is heaven.

I have told you heaven is a city, that it is more than a city; that it is a country, free from storms and earthquakes, and that it is a climate in which the inhabitants do not grow old or weary. And now I am so glad to tell you

HEAVEN IS A HOME

Oh what a beautiful country in which to establish a home! a home, not for time, but for eternity. At the close of our day's work, and after all our weary waiting, we shall find God has prepared for us a happy home in the heavenly country.

Have you an interest in heaven? You ask me what do I mean? Let me explain: I was born on a farm in Scotland County, Missouri. There was a river running through that county by the name of Fabby. On the other side of the river lived a great many people. We were not especially interested in that country or people, but one day there came a young man into our home, married my sister and took her over there and established a home. Immediately we became interested in that section of the country. Why? Because my sister lived there. Have you an interest in heaven? I have. My father and mother

are there, my brothers and sisters are there, and thousands with whom I have labored down here are there; soon I will be there, but best of all, Jesus will be there and that will be heaven for me.

This morning I see a picture—a picture of a little girl, fair as the lily and pure as the dew from heaven. With laughing eyes she views all space, and extends her sinless hands for time to lead her on. Her smile is angelic, and her voice is like the music of heaven. But ah! the scene has changed: There is a similarity in the scenery, but conditions have undergone a radical transformation. She is no longer the innocent child but a woman full grown. The birds continue their song, flowers send forth their sweet perfume and all nature smiles hopefully. The pleasant hours of matrimony have come, and the cares of life begin to press heavily upon her heart, while the star of hope bids her on to richer fields, greater sacrifice and sweeter joys. Again the picture has changed! The clouds hang low and all is dark and sad. I see in this picture a broken-hearted mother kneeling by the tomb of her darling child; she leaves upon his cold and lifeless cheek a kiss of love, and now she turns to her home to battle with her almost overwhelming grief.

Once again the picture has changed! The leaves of the trees have faded, the frosts of autumn have carried away the bloom of life. In this picture I see a faithful mother, who in the first picture was a little child; her face is marked with toil and care, her hair is white as snow; in the golden light of the setting sun, she looks through the veil of time into the glories of God's eternal home. You ask, "What does she see that attracts her attention? and why does she look so longingly?" Ah, friends, calm thy weary souls and look beyond the glimmering stars, and you, too, will see with her that house not made with hands, but eternal in the heavens. Thanks be unto God for the heavenly home where there never comes sorrow and loved ones never die; where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest; where they "hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of water; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." "And they shall reign forever and ever."

(Continued on page 22)

Have You Turned Back from the Plow?

The Bride of Christ Made Up of Water Carriers

M. J. Hagli in the Stone Church, Oct. 11, 1931



BEFORE I bring you the Scripture lesson I want to make a few remarks about which the Lord has been speaking to me. I do not know how you feel, but I believe that we have failed to take this wonderful Gospel seriously; somehow as I look over the past and then consider the present condition of God's people I fail to find that sincerity which I believe was in the heart and life of the first followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. We are told in church history that the Apostle John, in his later years, became so feeble that he had to be carried into the service. And while he was sitting before the congregation, too weak to preach, he would say, "Children, love one another." I believe that is what we as Pentecostal people need today; the love that is born of the Spirit of God. There would be fewer poor among us if we had more of that love. It is easy to say, "God bless you brother and help you to find work," and then shut up our bowels of mercy but the Word says, if you do these things, "How dwelleth the love of God in you?"

The conditions we see around about us are all signs of the near coming of Jesus. I don't know how you are but I often catch myself looking for better times and planning on brighter days and I have to figuratively take myself by the shoulders and shake myself in order to realize that we are living in the closing days of this dispensation. While we have talked about it since we received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit the warmth of the truth has sort of left us and we fail to be thrilled as we formerly were. I remember the days when we were completely awed when we heard someone, under the power of the Spirit, speak of His soon coming and we expected the Lord to come then at any moment. Now we are surely living in the very end of time. I believe there are brighter days ahead; that the depression is about over and that prosperity is not around the corner but up above and that we will soon see it.

Now I want to call your attention to the last six verses found in the ninth chapter of the Gospel according to Luke. I want to speak a while on putting our hand to the plow and not looking back. When we speak of a plow we

most naturally think of a field, or a farm. We know that in order to raise the food that is needed we must plow the soil and plant the seed. The Lord in His parables spoke often of the field and the seed; of the man who went forth seeking hidden treasure and how he sold all that he had in order to buy the field wherein the valuable treasure was hid. We have often preached to the saints that they should sell all they had and purchase salvation but I believe we have missed the truth of this wonderful illustration. It speaks of the field and of the treasure hidden in the field but I do not believe that the Lord was speaking of a piece of ground with a certain treasure hidden therein. What then was the field? If you look through the Word you will find that Jesus spoke of the world as the field. I can look through the Bible from Genesis to Revelation without finding one instance where I am told to buy salvation at a price but I cannot look far before I come across a Scripture telling what He paid for our souls and I am convinced that the treasure hidden in the field was not Christ but undying souls. What had we to sell? Nothing worth anything. But when the Lord looked down upon the earth He found souls so precious amidst sin and degradation that though He was rich He was willing to become poor for our sakes. Did He not lay aside all that He possessed in order to save us from sin? So then the earth is the field.

You remember the story of the new wine at the wedding of Cana. We see in the Word how there was a shortness of wine and how Jesus was a Guest at the feast. They searched all over for the much needed wine but found none. And then we see how Jesus, in order to supply the need, needed willing hands and feet and minds to help Him; we see how He looked away from the host, away from the prominent members of the feast to the poor, lowly servants who were willing simply to obey without questioning the wisdom of the act. When He asked them to fill the waterpots they didn't reason with Him and say, "But Lord, it is too late now. The washing has already taken place and the purification is over." They simply obeyed and as they filled the jars to the brim, the Master, with His divine touch turned that water into wine. If we will obey the Lord and carry the water in the pots,

I am positive that He will send us forth with the new wine.

The time David stood before King Saul ready to answer the challenge of the Phillistine, he took one glance backward and said, "The God who helped me slay the lion and the bear will help me today." I want you to take a glance backward, like the statesman we are told about who every now and then would steal away into a secret closet. The servants of the king noticed him and reported him to the king saying, "Oh king, this man is always stealing into the little room where no one has been permitted to go. You had better look into the matter." So the king called the great statesman before him and said, "I have been told that you make occasional visits to the little room over there. What do you do in there?" And the great statesman said, "Follow me and I will show you." He took the king to the room, unlocked the door and there the king saw a shepherd's staff or rod and a piece of cloth. The great statesman said, "Oh king, before I entered into your service I was but a poor, lonely shepherd boy but now I have grown in power. I have become a great statesman but every once in a while I need to come in here and see the rock from whence I have been hewn in order that I might not get proud."

Let us take a glance backward, to better understand God's dealings with us. I want you to follow me back to the first day, the first night when the pleading of the Holy Spirit just melted your heart and when with tears rolling down your cheeks you made your way to the foot of the Cross. And there, with your face raised to heaven, you promised God that if He would only save you you would be His forever. Do you remember how you started out with your new found Lord, feeling you could conquer the world for Jesus? Then I want you to recall another time, when in the center of your being there was a tremendous hunger for the deeper things of God. Do you remember when you first heard of the Baptism of the Holy Spirit and you said, "I must have it!" Time went on and that hunger grew until you said, "Lord, at any price! If You will only baptize me with the Holy Spirit I will go anywhere or do anything You want me to do."

My friends, this Pentecostal Movement was started with men and women who surrendered their all to Jesus and were ready to follow the Lamb whithersoever He went. I remember how we started out with no promise but the one from

above, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Men and women dropped their work and went out with this wonderful Gospel story and the work went on and on and grew so rapidly that according to United States figures, the Pentecostal Movement has grown more rapidly than any other movement in the world. Why was it? It was because of the fire of the Holy Ghost within us. Men and women lost all interest in piling up fortunes in this world, and chose rather to go into the highways and byways, seeking the lost and dying and leading them to the Savior of lost mankind. Their hand was on the plow and money didn't mean anything to them in those days. Wealth and honor meant nothing and with their gaze fixed on heavenly values they were rewarded by seeing souls saved and filled with the Holy Ghost. We saw sinners coming to the altar with tears streaming down their cheeks. Oh how I long for the days to come again when souls will become convicted of sin! I am tired of seeing men and women convinced in their heads and not convinced in their hearts.

But you say, "Men are hardened these days and it is impossible to bring them in as we used to do." Yes, I know hearts are hard today but I know a wonderful remedy for hardened soil and that is *water*. You can take a plot of ground that is so hard it is impossible to put a spade into it but just turn on the hose and let the water soak for a day, for two days, for three or four days perhaps, and before long you will need rubber boots to walk on that piece of ground. David said, "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." We need more broken-hearted saints today, more weeping children of God, and if we have them we will see the soil softened and men and women coming into a glorious salvation. Yes, we started out fearing nothing. As I look back on those days I do not wish them back but I wish myself ahead and I know we ought to press on.

I believe that we, like the children of Israel, have found Elim; we have found the twelve wells of water and the seventy palm trees but we have gone asleep when the Lord has been moving on and all we have are the palm trees and the wells. Someone says, "Do you remember the wells?" Yes, but do you remember the command of God to march on? I believe God expects His children to go on. We thank Him for the Red Sea experience and for that at the

River Jordan but let us keep our eyes fixed above and when the Pillar of Cloud moves on we too must move. I believe this Pentecostal movement was born of God, but is not God saying to us as Mordecai did to Esther, "Who knows whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" "Don't think you were favored above the other maidens just because you were more beautiful. You are Jewish born and one of the despised, and God brought you into the palace for a greater purpose than mere human honor and glory. He brought you in to be of service to His people and if you fail, God will send help from another source. But think not you will escape even though you dwell in the king's palace." I believe God is challenging us and is saying, "I have saved you and filled you and sent you forth with the glorious Gospel, a perfect remedy for sin and sickness, but if you fail I will raise up someone else." Do not think that He has baptized you simply to have spiritual ecstasies. There are lost souls to be saved; souls for whom Jesus suffered and died, souls whose names are not yet recorded in the Lamb's book of life but whom Jesus is seeking.

You say, "Brother, I cannot get them saved. It is too hard to bring them in." You can make the effort. It took the lowest of the servants to aid Jesus in supplying the needed wine at the wedding; it took water-carriers. Rebekah, who became the wife of Isaac, was simply a water-carrier. When the servant came to the well and asked for a drink she said, "Yes, and I will also give your camel to drink." I say to you that the bride of the Son of God will be made up of water-carriers. But you say, "I cannot reach them." I know you cannot. The little boy in the wilderness couldn't have fed the five thousand either but with the touch of Jesus upon his lunch, the five loaves and two fishes went a long ways. The servants at Cana couldn't turn the water into wine, but they carried the water-pots to Jesus. Who couldn't carry water? But you say, "That is not what the world needs today." Yes, the world needs exactly what God has given to you, and all you need to do is to take it first to Jesus, have His divine touch upon it and then you can carry it to the lost and dying.

We laid our hands to the plow and began to sow the seed, but the Master tarried and some grew weary and others became discouraged and began to look back. We saw where in the past years we might have made a fortune and here we had been spending our time carrying water;

we saw where the neighbors had prospered and we were left with almost nothing. Like Lot's wife we began to look towards Sodom. I wonder how many stationary Pentecostal people we have today, those who have stopped in the way to look back and were turned into pillars of salt. Yes, they are salt, but they are stationary, petrified, standing in the path as a warning to others. Souls began to lose their value with us, and gradually the steps to the Lord's house became fewer and fewer and we finally became weaned from the prayer-meeting altogether. We became very tired and said, "We must rest more in order to do our duty to our employer," and we got more and more concerned about our employer and cared less and less about our duty towards a lost world.

A young girl came to me just today and said, "I had an argument with my mother as to what God would do with the heathen in Africa who had never heard the Gospel of Jesus Christ." I said, "Young lady, I wonder what God will do with you. If you realize that the heathen are lost and that the only One who can save them is Jesus Christ and He has given you the light, what will God do with you if you refuse to carry the light." We find many people today who try to run from their convictions and turn away from the voice of the Holy Spirit by wondering what God will do with the heathen. When the Pentecostal Movement started, it started as a missionary movement and if you are saved and filled with the Spirit your vision extends farther than just the South Side of Chicago; you have a world vision.

"No man having put his hand to the plow, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." Peter of old followed the Lord up on the Mount of Transfiguration; he followed the Lord into the home of Jairus; he saw the young maid raised back to life; he followed the Lord when He multiplied the loaves and the fishes; he saw the widow's son raised from the dead and he said, "Lord, though all men deny Thee, yet will not I." But he failed miserably. We find him one morning with a number of the apostles slowly rowing in his boat and saying, "Brethren, you know that I am a married man. I am responsible for my family and ought to support them. I believe I will go back to fishing," forgetting that the gifts and callings of God are without repentance. When Peter said that some of the others said, "We will go with you." Peter had been looking at his neighbors; one had a boat

three feet longer than his old boat; another had built a new house and the third had bought new furniture and there was poor Peter with just enough to keep the wolf from the door. So Peter went out but all that night he caught nothing. I wonder if anyone here has been looking back and decided that his duty is to help himself. I don't want to be responsible for myself; I want God my Father to be responsible for me.

Peter toiled on and on until he grew weary and discouraged at heart, but as morning drew near they saw a Person standing on the shore who called out to them, "Children, have you anything to eat?" Oh the love of Jesus and that tender word of His, "Children!" He had not denounced them; he was still responsible for them. They said, "No, Master, we have toiled all night and caught nothing." Then He said, "Cast your nets on the right side." As they drew in the fish and came to shore they saw that bread and fish were already prepared for them. I believe that Jesus looked at Peter and said, "Peter, do you see that in your own strength you are unable to support yourself?" You know, after you are saved and baptized you are the weakest person in all the world. You are unable to do anything in yourself but you can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth you.

After they had eaten I believe the Lord said, "Peter, have another piece of fish." "But Lord, I am filled up," and his heart must have gone pitter-patter. The Lord said, "Peter, lovest thou Me?" Peter said, "Lord, I do love You." The Lord said, "Then feed my sheep: Simon Peter dost thou really love Me?" Peter said, "Yes, Lord; Thou knowest that I love Thee." Jesus said, "Feed my lambs. Do you not know there are sheep and lambs to be fed? Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than *these*?" What "these"? Oh some say, more than the disciples, and others interpret it to mean, more than the other disciples loved Jesus. But I do not believe that the Lord would ever stir up any jealousies. Jesus had called Peter to preach the Gospel, had He not? He had told Peter that he should no longer catch fish, but men; and now Peter had gone back to fishing to support his family. He toiled all night without catching anything and the Lord showed him that He was able to support him and give him more fish in one haul than he himself was able to get in one whole night. When God has taken you out of business you forget all about the old fishing places. "Lovest thou Me more than these?" "Peter, do you love

Me more than the desire to become wealthy?" Let us get the surroundings. There were all the fish. Peter had started out to follow the Lord, leaving his boats and his nets, but finally the old temptation came back and he went to fishing. But under the Lord's searching questions Peter's heart broke and he cried out, "Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee!" Peter's sole occupation henceforth was fishing for men. Have we laid our hands to the plow? Let us not look back but keep our eyes upon the goal.

Let me give you a later picture: I see an evangelistic party going out; I see a multitude gathering together. I hear the Word going forth and souls are born again through the power of the Holy Ghost. I see sick ones healed and saints baptized in the Spirit. I see the power of God manifested. The Evangelist moves on from town to town and from place to place. There is a young man in that evangelistic party. I do not exactly know his duties but we will say he led the singing. I see this young man, fired through by the Holy Ghost, get up before the congregation and lead that singing as no one else could do, and I see the power fall during the song service. I can see that young man walking with God. I hear the Evangelist of the party saying, "If God can keep His hand on that young man he will surely be a mighty power for God." But one day this young man began to look around him and he felt a tugging back to the old things he had left; gradually the love of the world finds a place in his heart. You remember Jesus said in our lesson text, "The birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." This young man had sacrificed, had endured hardships and trials. Now perhaps someone criticised his singing and gradually he began to lose out. Let me say that if a brother ever criticises you unduly be sure and don't take it out on Jesus. Some people will say, "They talked about me and I will never go to that church anymore." Don't you know that *that* is a slap in the face of Jesus?

Yes, this young man began to look back to the world. And one day I read a letter about him. I have never met him but I have read about him. The evangelistic party had broken up now and the evangelist was put in prison; his life was threatened and he was just about to go to his doom for the Gospel's sake. It was Paul and he writes to Timothy, his son. Paul was the spiritual father of Timothy and he wrote him that he had finished his course and had fought the

good fight of faith; he told him he was ready to be offered up and a crown of righteousness was awaiting him and then he added, "*Demas hath forsaken me*, having loved the present world." Then in closing he says, "Timothy, hurry up and come to me. Try to come before winter. I need you." Can you note that sad tone in his letter as he says, "*Demas hath forsaken me*, having loved the present world"? My brother and sister, in closing let me ask you, will Jesus have to look at you and say, "You have forsaken Me, having loved this present world"?

Book Review

THE RETURN OF THE JEWS AND THE END OF THE WORLD, by *Nathan Cohen Beskin*, (Peacock Press) \$1.

A compelling, accurate interpretation of prophecy. Through the warp and woof of this interpretation runs the unique figure of the Jew. The Jew, with his ancestral hopes and aspirations, his place in the story of mankind, his position in the march of coming events, is portrayed in a colorful way and in a sane, Scriptural perspective. To clinch the invaluable truths given, much valuable data from many varied authentic sources are compiled for the reader.

The author has a vantage ground which few can claim to occupy. He is a Hebrew, descended from Aaron. He spent his childhood in a Jewish home in Russia. He trained for a rabbi and became thoroughly versed in Jewish lore. He had a marvelous conversion and became an ardent student of the New Testament as well as of the Old Testament.

In the Introduction of this book we have the question answered, "Why Preach on the Second Coming during Revivals?" Following, the book is divided up into six chapters. Chapter one has for its heading, The Jew—God's Political Barometer. "When the Jew is up, the Gentiles are down; when the Jew is down the Gentiles are up."

Chapter Two is called, The Jew—God's Barometer—*Spiritually*. Israel, as the chosen people of God, has had spiritual advantages such as no other nation has had.

Chapter Three shows the Disintegration of Gentile Power. The four Gentile World Powers are given in their historical and scriptural setting, culminating in the Declaration of War in the year 1914.

Chapter Four gives the Return of the Jews Politically. Dates and numbers are made to read like a romance. There is the memorable meeting

in Palestine, during the war, between the author and General Allenby; their reading together the Book of Isaiah; and other intensely thrilling events showing General Allenby as a startling figure in the fulfilment of prophecy. There are given some of the wonderful achievements by the Zionists in the Holy Land within the last decade. Another interesting fact is that the coinage of ancient days has been restored.

Chapter Five shows the Disintegration of the Gentiles Spiritually. A clear and concise table chart of the Seven Churches is given. The seven periods of the church dispensation are considered separately, ending with the Laodicean Church in which "not one good thing is found." Following this are clippings from different papers and magazines which show, both religiously and morally, the condition of the church as it is today.

The last chapter, Chapter Six, gives the Return of the Jews Ecclesiastically and Spiritually. Hostility to Christ and to Christianity is giving way to a remarkable toleration. Many Rabbis are openly declaring Jesus to be the greatest Teacher the world has ever had. But greater than this is the actual return of the Jews *spiritually*.

This book proves, conclusively, that we are living in The End Time, and that the Day is not far off when we shall be caught up to be with the Lord forever.

I. P. B.

(Continued from page 17)

Home with Jesus! Home with loved ones!
Home with the Angels! Home in Heaven forever more!
Oh sing ye Christians! Shout ye Redeemed!
Wave the palm branch of freedom!
Sing praises unto Jesus, who, with His own blood, purchased for us this eternal home in the heavenly country, and crown Him Lord of all!

(Continued from page 2)

are hard with them they cannot do without *The Evangel*. They are looking at eternity's values. Is there anything that counts more?

We will give a 1932 Scripture Text calendar free with every renewal and every new subscription received during the month of January. For two new subscriptions we will send a copy of *The Latter Rain Pentecost*, a book of 184 pages, containing a God-given exposition of "the latter rain" and a most remarkable chapter on the seven healings of the author, D. Wesley Myland. Please mention these free offers when remitting.

Chicago Missionary Rest Home

THE Chicago Missionary Rest Home, 1848 Berenice Avenue, has been filled all fall and winter with missionaries coming and going. It is a great comfort to the missionary on furlough that there is a place in the Middle West which is

their Home. What a happy time they have meeting fellow-workers from the different lands and having precious fellowship in the Spirit! The Matron says she feels greatly repaid for her arduous duties when she hears them in their family worship thank God "for such a home."

More than one missionary family received very substantial support for their work while staying in the Home; on one occasion the Lord woke one up in the middle of the night and told her to give a sum of money that the fares to a foreign land might be met. In the natural the way was blocked, but a sum laid aside for old age was given and the happy recipients went on their way.

During the past eighteen months we have spent on needed repairs about \$600, including the painting of the house on the outside. We thank God that He has made this possible and thank those who have faithfully stood by the Home in the past. We trust that in these strenuous times it will be remembered in prayer and by gifts by those who have the missionaries' welfare at heart. The efficient matron and her assistant keep the place in splendid condition and are skillful in decorating and painting, thus saving for the Committee of Management many, many dollars. The Committee are very grateful for the help given by the different assemblies in the furnishing of supplies and appreciate the deep interest the many friends have taken in the Rest Home.

Congregational Minister Receives Pentecost



IT WAS on a Sunday night that a Congregational minister and his wife dropped in for a service at our church. Not until after the service did they introduce themselves to us as the pastors of the First Congregational Church of Pittsfield, Illinois, a city about fifty miles from Quincy. It was so ordered of the Lord that they were invited to hold a two weeks' evangelistic campaign with us starting the following Sunday night. With joy we learned that Sister Fooks had received her baptism at the beginning of the present day out-pouring in the Stone Church in Chicago. Rev. Stephen C. Fooks had given some thought to such an experience but as yet had never felt the need of tarrying until.

At the mid-week service when the announcement was given to our congregation that a revival would open Sunday night a special request was also given. It read: "Let all the praying people earnestly pray to God that our evangelist will be baptized with the Holy Ghost as on the day of Pentecost." After both the Sunday and

Monday night preaching services our evangelists found it necessary to leave before the tarrying service as it was necessary for them to make the fifty mile drive home. However Tuesday they had arranged so they could stay that night with us. The message being over the call was made for seekers and our evangelist found a comfortable spot and placing one knee in the soft carpet and resting his head on his arms on the piano bench he began to "tarry until."

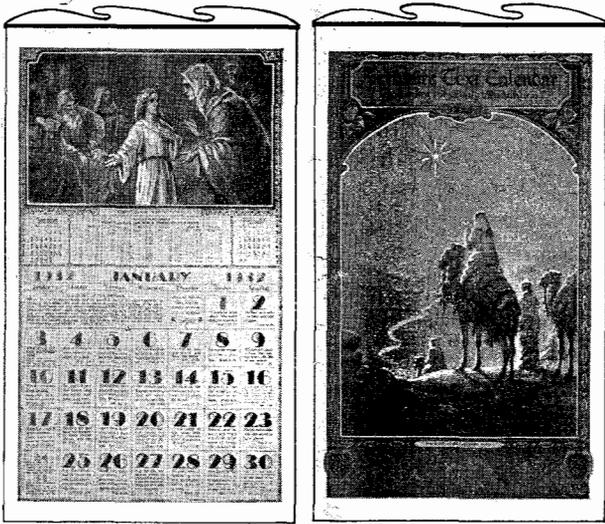
Three young men, young men of vehement prayer, were detailed to a side room to pray for the preacher. This was done for two reasons: that the throne might be touched, and that the lusty voices of the young men might not shock the modesty of our conservative English clergyman.

Born, reared, and educated for the ministry in England and now a conservative Congregationalist made some combination and we were not so sure just what the outcome would be but were certain that the Lord would do a first class job. After about fifteen minutes of seeking I felt impressed to draw near to our brother and see how things were progressing. I gently placed my arm over his shoulder and was delighted to feel him heaving under the anointing of the Holy Spirit. To use his own words, "I literally breathed in the Spirit." This continued for only a few minutes and I felt his body begin to sway under the mighty anointing and feeling that he would slip from the bench to the floor I tightened my embrace for there was not room between the bench and the grand piano to permit him to lie at ease. The heaving became more pronounced; the pent-up force must seek larger quarters. At this point the preacher quickly raised his hands and with face up-turned he burst forth in an unknown tongue—the language of the Spirit. Wave after wave of power swept in and each wave was accompanied with a fresh out-burst of the heavenly language.

Some of our people who had retired from the service before our brother had received were a little skeptical when told and said, "We can tell when we hear him preach again." Our people were not disappointed for the next sermon and every sermon after this experience was marked with unction and one night while speaking on the baptism of the Holy Spirit the power was so manifested upon him that it was with difficulty he brought his message to a close.

Pastor Richard Carmichael,
Quincy, Illinois.

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CHAPTER 3.

2 Milk is fit for children: 11 Christ the only foundation. 16 Men are the temples of God.

AND I, brethren, could not speak unto you as unto spiritual, but as unto carnal, even as unto babes in Christ.

2 I have fed you with milk, and not with meat: for hitherto ye were not able to bear it, neither yet now are ye able.

5 shall. Ps. 25. 14. John 15. 15.

1 Heb. 5. 13. 1 Pet. 2. 2.

1 Or, factions.

2 according to man.

b Rom. 12. 3.

c Acts 18. 4. d Acts 19. 1. e Isa. 55. 12. f Ps. 62. 12. Rom. 2. 6.

19 Foolish ten, I craftin

20 At the tr

are va

21 T. men.

22 W

Ceph: death come,

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